

UNIONISM.

CLERK. — I want more salary, sir, because I am going to get married!  
EMPLOYER. — But I don't believe in "unions" raising the price of labor.



IN 1950.

FIRST HARLEMITE (*bitterly*).—  
We were almost nine seconds getting  
downtown this morning.

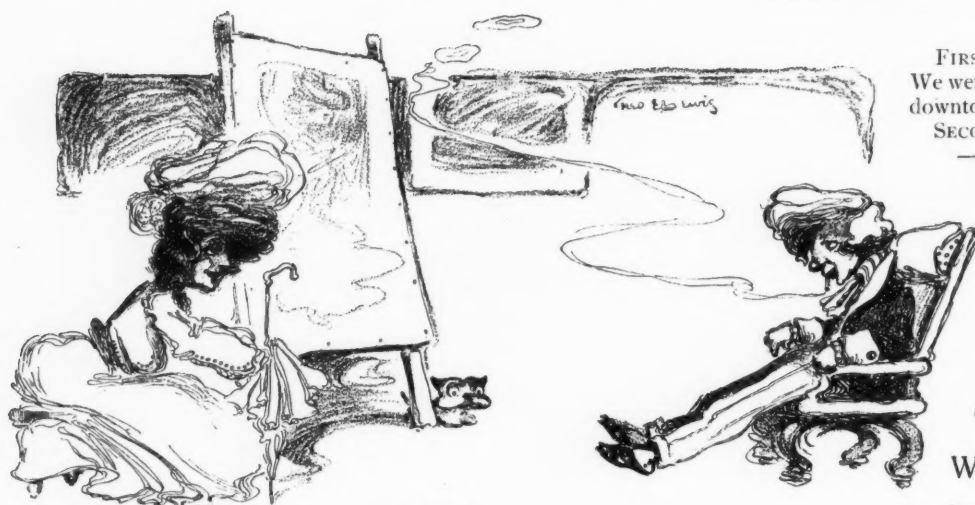
SECOND HARLEMITE (*sarcastically*).  
—I hope my grandson may live  
long enough to see rapid transit  
in New York.

FOOTBALL.

The second half was nearly  
played and nobody killed yet.  
The crowd was impatient and ugly.

"Perhaps a grand stand will collapse," faltered  
the management, looking anxiously out over the sea  
of sullen faces, and hoping against hope.

WE ARE a skeptical people. It is likely that no cap can  
be made which when worn by a man walking will  
invariably make us think he owns a racing car.



ADVICE.

THE ARTIST.—Perhaps when a man is wedded to his Art, it is a  
mistake to think of matrimony.

SHE.—I dare say. At any rate, don't commit bigamy until you can  
afford it.

A SON OF HAM.



HICKEN! Chicken! Chicken! Ah doan want none,  
Gimme de ham, sah, sweet en done;  
Ham det 's cooked in Dixie style,  
Boun' to mak mah feates smile.  
Boun' to mak mah tongue curl roun'  
En move mah palate up en down;  
En Ah tell yo' right wifout any sham  
Ah 'd risk mah life foh a sweet ol' ham!

Ham! Ham!  
Ham foh Sam!  
Ham det 's cooked in apple cideh,  
Sohhy det mah mouf ain't wideh.

Wid de hoe en weed-rake in mah han'  
Ah staht away to wuk de lan';  
But Ah hab to pass de kitchen do',  
En when Ah whiff det ham—Oh! Oh!  
Ah stop right still en deh Ah stan'  
Wid a grin on mah face en an eye on de pan;  
Next thing it 's mine!—en yo' compliment Sam  
When yo' say det he 's a son ob Ham.

Ham! Ham!  
Ham foh Sam!  
Ham dat 's cooked in apple cideh,  
Sohhy det mah mouf ain't wideh.

—Victor A. Hermann.

TO ERR is human; but few men have enough divinity in them to  
forgive without saying: "Don't let it happen again!"



UTTERLY UNIMPORTANT.

"Weddin' trip, hey? I notice he 's ruther partickler about gittin'  
the right tickets."

"Yep—jest as if it made a difference to 'em where they 're  
goin'."

**The power of speech differentiates the man from the beast, unless, per-  
chance, the man be a very wise man indeed.**





AN UNJUST INFERENCE.

"But it nettles him when the Winter winds give color to his nose."  
"Ay. It raiseth a doubt as to which kind of skates he hath been on."

HIS CLEAN RECORD.

"No!" emphatically said the tub-shaped, firm-jawed old fellow, in reply to the suave insinuations of the committee. "I have never been, am not now, and under no circumstances, will I ever be, a candidate for the legislature! At the age of twenty-five years I gave up playing the fiddle, at thirty the idea that the world owed me a living, at thirty-five the habit of saying a few well-chosen words, at forty all my endeavors to please the fair sex, at forty-five my regard for public opinion, at fifty all interest in other people's business; and now, several years subsequent, I am a contented man with a sound digestion and a comfortable conscience. I never meddle with marriages and scandals, and therefore rarely have anything to say of interest to my fellow-citizens. I have never been a cook or a doctor; consequently, I have never killed or injured any one. I have never, tacitly or otherwise, permitted people to call me 'Colonel' or 'Honest John,' which is probably one of the reasons why I am generally considered respectable. And now, gentlemen, if you use, or suggest, outside of this room, my name as a candidate for the legislature, I shall certainly sue you for slander!"

Tom P. Morgan.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

The tactful woman does not try to go into society and her own kitchen.

The kitchen, by the way, is strictly a detail of housekeeping. Where the house gets away from you, the kitchen becomes at once a cuisine.

The butler should have not only a pantry, but a trousery, where he may hang up his uniform.

Eat to pass the time; living is incidental.

Menage is a French word, meaning a factor in financial ruin.

Some people dress themselves elaborately for dinner, while others merely drop a little Mayonnaise on their bosoms as they eat.

FADED.

HE.—The little black mare was thought to be fast, but they've got her faded.

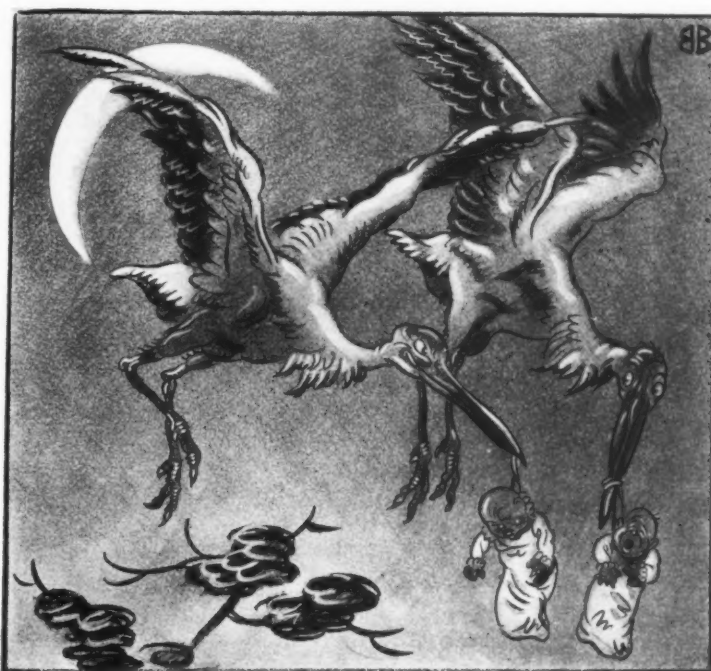
SHE.—Dear me! What color is she now?

HONOR.

The right honorable considered

The glories of the past,  
And groaned in spirit, crying out:

"Am I left honorable at last?"



A SERIOUS POSSIBILITY.

SANDY STORK.—What are you laughing at?

SAM STORK.—I was just thinking what a joke on humanity it would be if we were to go on strike.

# PUCK

## THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.

(Provided the Craze for So-called "Business" Fiction Keeps Up).



### CHAPTER I.

STOCKSON BONDS, the king of Wall Street, impatiently pushed the electric button for his stenographer.

"Confound that girl!" he exclaimed. "She never is within hearing distance of her buzzer when I want her. I've simply got to dictate this letter to Rox Brothers & Doughty, telling them that I will take up their scheme of consolidating all the summer resort hotels in the country and putting up the price of board next season. If I don't copper the game in exactly thirty-two minutes the option will expire and the whole scheme will fall into the hands of my rivals, Roper & Conn."

At this instant a shadow fell on Stockson Bonds' desk. He looked up, prepared to chide his stenographer, but saw that it was a new girl. She was simply gowned in a *peau de soie*, the price of which she had made in the last flurry of B. & X. preferred. She kept her glance modestly on the floor as she stood waiting. Her gown fell about her in folds as graceful as the tape from a ticker, and Stockson Bonds caught his breath as he gazed.

"That's so!" he ejaculated. "You are the new girl, Geraldine Marginia. I had forgotten that my other stenographer had made a winning in L. & V. and had gone on the stage. Sit down and let me give you this letter."

The beautiful girl sank gracefully into her chair at the millionaire's side, and soon her slender white fingers were flying over the paper as Stockson Bonds dictated the letter. Then she walked swiftly to her typewriting machine, hardly glancing at the blackboard to see how the market had been going while she had been at work. She rapidly wrote off her notes in manifold, tossed the letter to the millionaire to be signed, and then folded it and put it in an envelope.

"Jove!" said the millionaire, great beads of perspiration stand-



### A SUBURBAN RUMOR.

"Say, old man, there's been a hold-up on your road."

"A hold-up?"

"That's what they say. A train was stopped by a band of masked suburbanites who carried off all the cooks."

ing out on his brow. "That will reach Rox Brothers & Doughty just in time. I must give that girl a bunch of Glue common to show my appreciation."

### CHAPTER II.

It was high noon in Wall Street's stormiest day. Stockson



### THEIR UTILITY.

THE PRUNTYTOWN PHILOSOPHER.—It says in this here paper that a certain university's got a collection of fifty thousand bugs. Every one of them bugs, I take it, is dead and stuck on a pin, and put out of general circulation for good and all. Colleges 'pear to be of *some* practical use, after all.





NOT INVITING.

HE.—Really, I hardly know what to order.

SHE.—Yes, that 's the way, sometimes. A menu merely reminds you of a number of things you don't want to eat.

Bonds was fighting the great Lard clique which had determined to down him. For months the lines of battle had been forming. Minor interests had been let go to smash, so intense had the excitement become over Lard. A. B. & C. preferred had slumped so far that several hundred of its holders were in the insane asylum. D. E. & F. common had gone down to  $38\frac{3}{4}$ , and G. H. I. & K., once the strongest railroad stock on the board, was not worth the chalk used in posting figures. All the rest of the stock alphabet had suffered in proportion, and only that morning an X. Y. & Z. stockholder had committed suicide on learning that he would have to sell his automobile in order to weather the storm.

But Stockson Bonds had unloaded all his other stock and was plunging in Lard. In the kitchen he could not tell lard from cotolene, as he had never seen so much as a sample pail of the real article, but in a figurative sense he was simply swimming in lard.

All morning the battle had raged. At 10:36 Stockson Bonds thought he was beaten, but his only sister had providentially sent him her diamond ear-rings. Armed with this collateral he managed to stem the tide and buy 1,300 shares of Lard at \$1.87, thus turning the balance in his favor. Inch by inch he fought, and the bears began to be frightened. But they gave back sullenly, and at 12:10 the stock was only at \$1.87  $\frac{7}{10}$ . Just as he was scribbling a note to his housekeeper to pawn his paintings and tapestries and buy Lard with the proceeds, Stockson Bonds heard a commotion in the gallery.

"It is old Roper's daughter, come to see the fight," murmured the bears.

Old Roper, of Roper & Conn, was the leader of the bear side, and when Stockson Bonds looked into the gallery and saw the daughter of his business rival he realized that he was beaten.

Something in the upturned face of Stockson Bonds must have reminded Gladys Roper of a dying gladiator, but she showed no sign of mercy. She deliberately signaled a messenger boy, and giving him a check, representing the pawn-tickets for her opera gowns and cloaks, told him to buy Lard short.

This order broke the forces of the bulls. Stockson Bonds saw his profit wiped out. Lard descended to par and then kept on sinking like an elevator with a broken cable. Before the day's trading was over it had touched  $22\frac{3}{4}$ . Stockson Bonds staggered into the street and began to figure out where it was he had once seen a free lunch sign. But as the cold, proud beauty, Gladys Roper, turned away she was faced by an indignant young woman who exclaimed:

"You have not triumphed yet! Stockson Bonds shall win out, if I have to give up my bridge whist savings!"

It was Geraldine Marginia, the stenographer.

### CHAPTER III.

As Stockson Bonds was looking over his life insurance receipts, preparatory to suicide, there came a knock at his door.

"Come in!" he shouted, and Geraldine Marginia stood before him, clad in a cheaper dress than she had worn in the days of Stockson Bonds Co., but still keeping her glance on the floor.

"I came to remind you that you had forgotten something, Mr. Bonds," she said.

"I know I owe you a week's pay!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "but I'll make provision for that in the disposal of my life insurance. Now please run away, girl, as I'm going to commit suicide, as all busted prompters do in fiction."

"But you are not busted, Mr. Bonds," murmured the girl, drawing from her bosom a package of papers. "These documents are three million dollars' worth of stock in the Harmonica Trust. You bought the stock three years ago about the time the injunction was secured against the Trust, and just before the jewsharp manufacturers had made a bear raid on Harmonica. This stock, which you had forgotten in your safe, is now three points above par and is still going up, as the injunction has been dissolved and jewsharps have gone out of fashion at country dances. Harmonicas are now in demand, and with this stock you can put yourself on your feet once more."

Slowly Stockson Bonds rose to his feet. He could hardly believe his good fortune, but a glance at the morning paper showed that Harmonica stock was indeed in the ascendant. He was king of 'Change once more, and all owing to this beautiful girl.

"Geraldine," he said, "I loved you from the first letter I dictated about that Rox & Doughty deal. Will you marry me?"

The beautiful girl nodded.

"But don't let's waste time talking about love," she said, as Stockson Bonds was about to embrace her. "The market may slump two points in the next five minutes, and we'll have to hurry to put the kibosh on the Lard crowd."

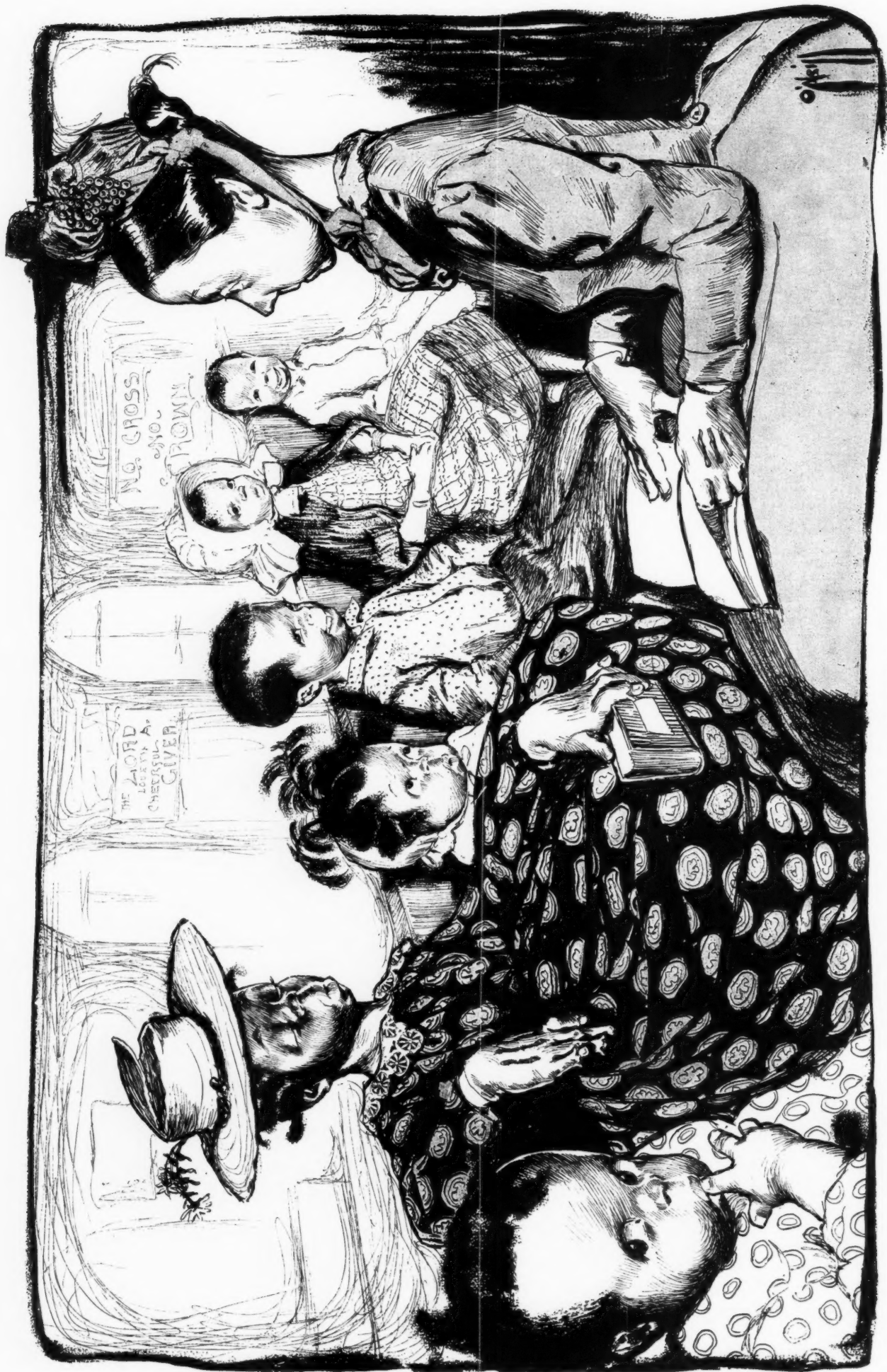
Arthur Chapman.



NO RAKE-OFF.

LAWYER HAWK.—The Red-Squirrel wants us to enter suit against the Grey-Squirrel. They are disputing the possession of some hickory nuts.

HIS PARTNER.—I don't see what we want with the case. We don't eat nuts.



#### AFFLUENCE.

THE TEACHER. — But you would n't want to be a little heathen?  
PHOEBE COOPAR. — Umph! Reckon I would if dey git all de collections what 's took up fo' 'em.



## PUCK



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### CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

#### THIS PERPLEXING STAGE BUSINESS.

THEATRE MANAGERS hereabouts have surprised us not a little by their obtuseness. They are pictured frequently as callous, illiterate beings, totally unresponsive to the bell-pulls of genius, but never in our memory has the charge been brought against them that they lacked the simplest reasoning faculties. That is, till lately. Discussing the poor business which many of the houses had been doing, one of the craft despairingly said that the managers, to a man, were completely baffled by the public's odd conduct. They were powerless to account for it. The public, he declared, had behaved most peculiarly, staying away in large numbers from some plays and but sparsely attending others. This, when the managers were striving to please was alarmingly disconcerting and once more was it forcibly proclaimed that the thing was beyond explaining. Less elusive, however, might the cause have been to others. He, for instance, who greets the rural light at Barclay or Cortlandt Street and sells him urbanely something quite non-negotiable in our best financial circles, seldom wonders what ails his victim if there is no immediate repetition of the purchaser's city trip. Neither does the get-rich-quick philanthropist expect to twice "benefit" the same person. And again so is it with the hold-up specialist, who rarely is perplexed or at a loss to understand if the citizen whom he robbed on Blank Street one night fails to go home by that particular thoroughfare the evening following. These men, in short, are conservatives. They reason and curb their expectations. They are satisfied, moreover, with one good haul from a single fat source. And this is wherein they differ from their non-plussed colleague of the play-house. The latter's prey, we need scarcely remark, is an easy-going public. Conniving with agencies and ticket speculators, he too is prepared to fleece it ably, but unlike the rustic-baiter, the fake financier and the street thief, he would "work" his victim indefinitely and is sorely puzzled, mentally indisposed even, when a rebellious public shows signs of resistance.

#### CONCERNING MORAL FIBRE.

EVERY LITTLE while, for fear we should forget it or lose its gist, Senator Tillman states anew his precise position on the race problem. His latest memorandum in the matter is singularly clear and lucid, leaving not the shadow of a doubt as to where the Senator stands. And summarizing briefly, we shall attempt a resumé. The negro should be lifted up, but not too far up. The inalienable rights of the Constitution being for white men exclusively, the black man, if he trespasses, should be shot. We may educate the negro, but Tillman warns us frankly that, teach as we may, we never can educate him to the stature of a white man because he lacks the white man's "moral fibre." Senator Tillman, in point of hue, is a white man. Therefore, it is logical to assume that moral fibre is among his prominent possessions. Woven with moral fibre, it is customary to find manhood, honor, decency and some slight regard for the rights of others, high or humble. Thus, when Senator Tillman says "I like to see the negro happy, but when his happiness makes mine impossible, then he has got to get up and get," he makes a fine display of that fibrous quality which the black man, in his low estate, can never hope to acquire. Nevertheless, the moral abyss between most black men and some white men may by no means be as wide as the Senator imagines.

#### THE NAILING OF A LIBEL.

IT is a trifle late, we know. The goal posts are in storage and the white five yard lines have lost their Autumn shimmer. But for all of that, the remark demands reply. Professor Goodell of Yale has belittled football on the ground that it is inartistic. To be exact, he declares it in violation of all the principles of art and compares it most unfavorably with sports which are "the essence of poetry." The professor, of course, has a right to his views and in all probability he will stick to them stubbornly, but neither his rights nor his adherence should deter the supporters of foot ball from making a vigorous protest. Foot ball not artistic? How could anyone conversant with the game and dwelling in its atmosphere make such a damning statement? We will waive temporarily the slight as to poetry, but foot ball's claim to the truly artistic is sound and indisputable, the professor notwithstanding. It embodies, moreover, a subtle art and one not easily mastered. Could anything, for example, be more artistic, æsthetic even, than an effective right hand hook delivered in a scrimmage and done so deftly as to be out of the umpire's sight? Honestly, we think not. Then there is the happy art of aiming the heaviest man of one team at the lightest and weakest of the other and sending him, crashing, that way. Poetry? Is it not the very poetry of motion, with meter flowing and rhythm all atune? And in addition to this, there is more evidence, every bit as pointed, which crushingly refutes the amazing libel. What ails this pedagogue anyway?

#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

FIRST CAPITALIST (discussing the formation of new trust).—Of course, we'll have to engage the best corporation lawyer in sight.

SECOND CAPITALIST (after thinking).—E-r, don't you think a first-class criminal lawyer would be more suitable?

#### A FAIR PROPOSITION.

THE WALKING-DELEGATE.—I fines yer five hundred dollars right now, see? An' if yer don't cough up, out comes every man in yer fact'ry, understand?

THE MANUFACTURER.—Say, old man, business is n't any too brisk just now;—could n't you make it two hundred and fifty dollars and call out half my men?

#### INNOCENCE.

"As innocent—"

"As a new-born babe, of course," sneered Bagsby.

"As a new-born South American republic!" I exclaimed, sternly.



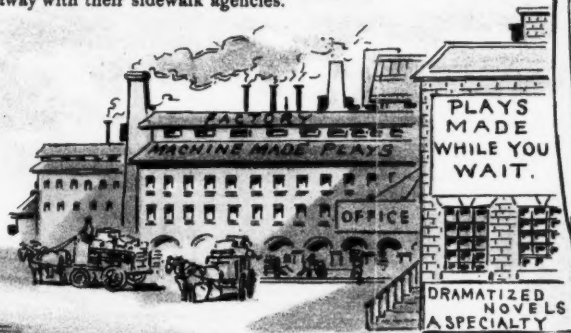
#### MIGHT BE WORSE.

THE ACTOR.—I hope we'll have better luck at the next town.

THE ACTRESS.—Oh, we can't complain. We're leaving town in broad daylight and with our baggage.



— When managers do away with their sidewalk agencies.



— When they personally see that their plays are hand-made.



— When they comprehend that one actor, a lime light and a set of dummies do not make a seat worth \$2.00 plus.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

AS TO THE MANY THEATRICAL FAILURE BUSI





— When the hard fact occurs to them that no amount of horny-handed noise can transform a stupid failure into "an unqualified success."



— When they offer the public at the box office something better than the last row and a look of haughty indifference.



— Otherwise, it will be a hard Winter for them. Cut rates or cut wood.

# PUCK

## THE TWO GUNS.



FLINT-LOCK over the mantel hung,  
Rusted with years nigh seven-score;  
And it spake, in a queer, colonial tongue,  
With a comrade Krag from the Spanish war.

Quoth the flint-lock: "How is the world, my friend?  
Has the universal peace come true?  
I fancy that fighting has found an end,  
And nothing is left for us to do."

Answered the other: "Well, John and Sam  
Are furbishing, now, their soldiering kits—  
But the latest scare-head cablegram  
Will tell who next have put on the mitts."

"Ah!" sighed the flint-lock. "The blood I've spilled!  
For murderous days were mine, God wot!  
Two hundred paces away I've killed!  
My master, friend, was a deadly shot."  
But the Krag replied (as again he sighed):  
"Can you bore a hole through a ten-foot tree?  
From two miles off I a kill have tried—  
And I hear my successors are good for three!"

"But listen, youngster!" the flint-lock said.  
"Six shots a minute I've fired, full oft!  
And at every shot a ball was sped!"  
Yet his smiling companion only scoffed.  
"Old chap, the rawest of raw recruits  
At barbarous ways like yours would laugh!  
In this modern era a rifle shoots  
Five shots in a second and a half!"

Crushed by the culture of the times,  
The rusted veteran now was still—  
While caroled abroad the Christmas chimes  
Their annual message: "Peace, good will!"

Edwin L. Sabin.



## WHICH?

LUCILLE.—Were you not embarrassed when young doctor  
Jones asked you for your hand?

ETHEL.—Dear me, yes! I hardly knew whether he wanted  
to take me or my pulse!



## BREAKING THE ICE.

"Did you hear that May fell through the ice day before yesterday?"  
"No. How unfortunate!"  
"Not at all. She was rescued by a very handsome young man."

## FROM A HOUSEHOLDER'S DIARY.

DEC. 15.—Purchased a splotch of radium and  
put it in the furnace. It is now precisely as  
warm in the dining-room as it is in the bath-  
room.

APRIL 15.—What a nappy Winter it has  
been! Am I dreaming?

MAY 15.—Hot day. "Belford," said  
my wife, at breakfast, "is n't it about time  
to let the furnace go out?" "I don't  
know but it is," said I.

MAY 16.—I began with opening all the  
drafts of the furnace. That would have  
put out a coal-fire in three minutes, but it  
never phased the radium. Then I banked  
it with dirt. No effect. Finally I turned  
the hose on it. Flooded the cellar.  
Temperature in living room 123° F.

JUNE 1.—We have closed the house for  
the Summer. The best authorities say that  
people should live in tents, anyway.

## LUCK.

The hunter was home again.  
"Any luck?" they asked.  
"Splendid!" he exclaimed, radiantly.  
"I did n't kill a single person."

## CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE ZOO.

THE OSTRICH.—What did the elephant  
get in his stocking?

THE MONKEY.—Nothing to speak of;—  
a half-ton of hay, a bushel of peanuts, and a  
few other little things I can't just remember.

THE Gulf States are by no means so impor-  
tant to-day as the Golf States.

***It is appalling to think how much literature we would have if the blue  
pencil were not mightier than the pen.***





#### EN ROUTE.

AUTOMOBILIST. — Can we get to Slowtown by taking this road?  
FARMER. — Nope; ye'll have to take the one to right: — there ain't a single repair shop on *this* road.

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

# SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.



IF GENUINE  
Always the Same!  
**WILSON WHISKEY.**  
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.  
Baltimore, Md.

### DOING HIS BEST.

"What were those blood-curdling yells I heard last night?"  
"That was Jamison trying to quiet his new baby. You see, he can't sing a note, and so he gives his college yells as a substitute."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

If a girl is disappointed in love, or her shoes pinch, or her new hat is unbecoming, we suggest that she try deep breathing. We find, after perusing the magazines, that deep breathing cures everything.—*Atchison Globe.*

To have the correct flavor a Cocktail should be freshly made, and should contain that most delightful, aromatic tonic

## DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA

The Bitters That Gave Birth to the Cocktail.  
THE BEST APPETIZER  
J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agent, New York, N. Y.

### MINING PROGRESS

Contains reliable information about Mining. Of interest to those who may be interested in Mining or want to learn about the resources of Oregon, Washington or Idaho. Free sample copy.  
NEIL J. SORESEN & CO., Sumpter, Oregon

### HIS PHILOSOPHY.

"Don't you sometimes think that the taxpayers of the country are entitled to more of your time?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "if they only realized it, when I take a vacation and leave public cares behind me, the taxpayers are, as a rule, saving money."—*Washington Star.*

THE men lack one resource open to the women: they can't put a veil over their summer hat and wear it all winter.—*Atchison Globe.*



## Hunter Baltimore Rye

Takes Flavor From Maturity  
And Fame From Purity

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



### NOT MADE FOR SUCH PEOPLE.

JENKINS.—I've tried at least twenty different brands of health-foods, but none of them has done me any good.

BEATTY.—What are you troubled with?

JENKINS.—An appetite.

### TOO SERIOUS.

MISS ASCUM.—So you're not engaged to him any more?

MISS GIDDAY.—Oh, no; I just had to break it off.

MISS ASCUM.—Why, what was the matter?

MISS GIDDAY.—The simpleton got too sentimental. He was beginning to talk to me about marriage.—*Philadelphia Press.*

### A RARE CATCH.

FRIEND.—You said you didn't love him.

SMART GIRL.—I don't.

"You respect him, perhaps?"

"Not particularly."

"And yet you intend to marry him?"

"I do. He told me that his mother always got her biscuits at the baker's."—*New York Weekly.*

We find that we are getting old, and that all our life we have been too crowded for time to read a description of a sunset.—*Atchison Globe.*

For \$100 a Year Any Insurable  
Young Man Can Guarantee an Estate  
of Several Thousand Dollars, Through  
**LIFE INSURANCE IN**

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#### HIS MIND WAS ON BUSINESS.

"The trouble with the average American," remarked the placid philosopher, "is that he does n't stop work long enough to digest his food. He does n't appreciate the importance of the elementary canal."

"My friend," replied Senator Sorghum, as he hastily signed another letter, "there's no use in trying to ring in any new ones. It'll be either Panama or Nicaragua, or none at all."—*Washington Star*.

#### AN EASY ASSIGNMENT.

"How's my friend Penner getting along?" inquired the casual visitor.

"When I saw him last," replied Spacewright, "he had just made an assignment for the benefit of one of his creditors."

"Oh! Is n't he your City Editor any more?"

"Yes, and I'm the creditor. He was just giving me an easy chance to earn the five dollars I loaned him the other day."—*Cath. Standard and Times*.

#### A SHARP DIG.

MRS. BUXOM.—That hateful Mrs. Knox made a very mean comment upon my age to-day.

MRS. BUXOM.—Did she say you were getting old?

MRS. BUXOM.—No, indeed! She said I "still looked quite young."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"WHAT's a Yankee notion, Pop?"

"Eating pie for breakfast, my son."—*Yonkers Statesman*.



Simple, Elegant,  
Luxurious, Pure, Fragrant.

## Egyptian DEITIES.

No better Turkish cigarette can be made. Cork tips or plain tips  
No. 3 size, 10 for 25 cents. No. 1 size, 10 for 35 cents.  
Look for signature of S. ANARGYROS.

#### NO WONDER.

What makes the waiter gayly hop,  
And, eke, with joy to skip?  
It is because he feels tip-top—  
Just got a tip-top tip.—*Phila. Press*.



#### A PRECAUTION.

THE MONKEY.—This is where I give myself a little absent treatment.

That lost appetite easily restored by Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Take none but the genuine. At grocers and druggists.

A juicy, sparkling fluid for all classes of American citizens. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

#### THE PRESIDENT

## Prize Puzzle



Three famous Presidents of the United States, who always used and who could be satisfied with no other than

## Williams' Shaving Soap

It falls to the lot of but few men to be President of the United States, but every man can enjoy Williams' Shaving Soap, and no man who values comfort, luxury and safety, will be satisfied with any other.

#### Our Offer

To any one sending us the correct name of any one of these Presidents, with a 2-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, post-paid, a most useful and ingenious pocket novelty, called the *Triplet*, a key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, and an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. 26, Glastonbury, Conn.

#### What is Said About the Triplet

"Please send me another Triplet. The one I received is just the thing I needed. I ride a bicycle, and the Triplet is splendid for tightening screws and nuts. The reason I want another is my brother is in love with mine, and offered me a quarter if I would get him one."

"About two months ago you sent me a Triplet. I have used it constantly until a few days ago, when I lost it. I feel as if I had lost my best friend."

"Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps for 5 Triplets. It is the nicest and handiest pocket novelty I ever saw. I want to give some to my friends."

"I received the Triplet from you last week, and would not take a dollar for it."

"Received the Triplet some time ago, and would not be without it. Just like Williams' shaving soap, the best thing out."



## BALL-POINTED PENS

(M. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch or spurt.

Made in England of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED Pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others

**FOR EASY WRITING.**

Buy an assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., and choose a pen to suit your hand. Having found one, stick to it!

POST FREE FROM

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William Street, New York. or any Stationery Store.

## Red Top Rye WHISKEY

It's up to YOU.


FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS.  
CINCINNATI, O. ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

It is no use calling a man "brother" at the church door if you are not going to look on him as a brother at your own door.—*Ram's Horn*.

Portland, Oregon—In Four Days from New York or Boston—By NEW YORK CENTRAL.



**"Up they go."**  
**MILLER'S MARK HANGS HIGH**  
**MILLER BREWING CO.**  
**MILWAUKEE, U.S.A.**

ESTABLISHED 1810

# OLD OVERHOLT RYE

**NATURAL WHISKEY**

## "BOTTLED IN BOND"

DIRECT FROM THE BARREL UNDER  
 U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION AND REGULATIONS.

The Whiskey must be at least four years old.  
 Each cork is sealed with U. S. Stamp stating  
 age and quantity in each bottle.

Every bottle contains full measure.

**DEMAND OLD OVERHOLT RYE ASK FOR**  
**"Bottled in Bond."**

*The* **Milo** **Egyptian**  
**Cigarette**  
**of Quality**

At your club or dealer's

**AROMATIC DELICACY—**  
**MILDNESS—PURITY**

"Standard of Highest Merit"

# FISCHER

## PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

**164 FIFTH AVENUE,**  
 Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

U.S. GOVERNMENT GUARANTEES

Hand Made Soda Water

Bottled in Bond

# BOND & LILLARD

The only real guarantee of Purity

ADDRESS  
**STOLL & CO.**  
 Lexington Ky

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

# Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

# BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.  
 DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

MR. TOLDYERSON.

Here comes Mr. Toldyerson,  
 Smartest person here below.  
 Always knew just how 't would be,  
 Says 't was very plain to see  
 How events were coming out.  
 Never had the slightest doubt.  
 There ain't many folks, you know,  
 Smart as Mr. Toldyerson.

It's a tantalizing thought  
 When by sorrow you are caught,  
 That your hopes might not be dim  
 If you had consulted him.  
 Life would not be near so rough  
 If he would speak quick enough;  
 Might have missed a lot of woe  
 Minding Mr. Toldyerson.  
 —Washington Star.

WOMAN AND BUSINESS.

CASHIER.—Madame, you can give  
 us your notes for the amount you  
 owe us.

MADAME.—Of course; but I tell  
 you right now, I never shall be able to  
 pay them.—Detroit Free Press.

OUT OF IT.

That he is "dropping politics"  
 He doth declare with vim.  
 By which we guess, who know the  
 tricks,  
 That it is dropping him.  
 Philadelphia Press.



A CHEERFUL VIEW.

FIRST ELEPHANT.—Will the spread of  
 civilization make the elephant extinct?

SECOND ELEPHANT.—I think not. At  
 the worst, it will drive him into the circus.

**100 VISITING CARDS** Post paid **35c**

Correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Booklet  
 "Card Style" Free! Also business, professional and fraternal  
 cards. We have cuts of emblems for all societies.  
 E. J. SCHUSTER PTO. & ENG. CO., DEPT. 48, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

## To CALIFORNIA

via

# UNION PACIFIC

and

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

From Chicago

**Three Through Trains Daily**

Equipment of these  
 trains is of the high-  
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E. L. LOMAX, G.P. & T.A.  
**UNION PACIFIC**  
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HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,  
**PAPER WAREHOUSE.**  
 32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street. } NEW YORK  
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 All kinds of Paper made to order.

**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10  
 to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
 Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.,  
 Dept. 1. 1., Lebanon, Ohio.

**PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS** Now packed in handsome individual boxes for Christmas. 50c and \$1.00.  
 Any shop or by mail. C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 218, Shirley, Mass.



SHE.—It's really wonderful how much that doctor knows.  
 HE.—Why so?  
 SHE.—He asked me if I ever heard a buzzing noise in my ears.  
 HE.—Well?  
 SHE.—That's just where I do hear it! —*Yonkers Statesman.*

Scientific brewing, scrupulous attention, choicest materials make **Pabst Beer** wholesome, palatable, refreshing, strengthening—the very soul of the malt—the beer that's pure. The finest brew is **Pabst Blue Ribbon**

#### Pennsylvania Railroad's Winter Excursion Route Book.

In pursuance of its annual custom, the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading Winter resorts of the East and South, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, this "Winter Excursion Book" is a model of typographical and pictorial work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for Winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

#### MORPHINE

Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine and other drug habits cured at home. No pain, no nausea, no absence from business, no craving for drugs or other evil results. No publicity. **Trial treatment free.** Write for booklet.

MANHATTAN THERAPEUTIC ASSOCIATION, Suite 547, 1135 Broadway, New York City.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"



"The best liquors all their virtue lose,  
 By a too frequent and too bold a use;  
 And what would cheer the spirit in distress  
 Ruins our health when taken to excess."

A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

### Trimble

Whiskey  
 Green Label.

Sole Proprietors, WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phila. & New York. ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

#### HER SENSE OF THE LUDICROUS.

"Women have very little sense of humor," said the cold-blooded citizen. "I don't know about that. Henrietta can see a joke as quickly as anybody. Every time the children talk about wanting to grow up to be smart and industrious like their father she laughs." — *Washington Star.*

"Hi PECK hed ter git out o' bed 'n mail a letter fer that sharp-tongued wife o' hisn."

"Pore feller! Driv from pillar ter post." — *Princeton Tiger.*

OUR heart goes out to the Congregationalists: When they advertise, they have to pay for a whole line every time they use the word "Congregationalists." — *Atchison Globe.*

### P.B. Ale

"Lest you forget"

"Oh be jolly"

Brewed right  
 Ripened right &  
 Kept right

\$1.50 per dozen pints

Acker, Merrill & Condit Co  
 New York Agents

#### \$36.40 TO NEW ORLEANS AND RETURN.

For the meeting of the American Economic Society and the American Historical Society, at New Orleans, La., December 28 to January 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets from New York at above reduced rate, December 24, 25, and 26, good to return until January 5.

**Shine on!**  
 It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts. It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 206 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

### Bar Keepers' Friend

#### DAINGEROUS.

"An' how's yer husband the day?" asked Mrs. Rafferty of Mrs. Muldoon. "Sure, an' he's no better," replied Mrs. Muldoon. "The doctor's afraid morality will set in." — *Detroit Free Press.*

THE man who sighs for the days of the martyrs generally does it in an easy chair. — *Ram's Horn.*

THE FINISHING TOUCH—Money subscribed by seniors for commencement exercises. — *Columbia Tester.*

THE price of ipecac has gone up. Never knew any one who could keep ipecac down. — *Washington Post.*

#### Purveyors To His Majesty

The German Emperor and King of Prussia are the manufacturers of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

In everything there is a best and in ale it is

# Evans

When you want it ask the dealer.

THE boys and a good many statesmen are now skating on thin ice. — *Washington Post.*

#### THE POPULARITY —OF— GOLD SEAL



#### Champagne

is proof of its superior quality.

GOLD SEAL is the only American champagne, and equals any French wine in quality, bouquet and flavor.

Served at all leading clubs and cafes. Sold by grocers and wine merchants everywhere.

No dinner complete without it.

Urbana Wine Co., Urbana, N. Y., Sole Maker

#### Arnold Constable & Co. Oriental Rugs.

ANTIQUE AND MODERN

India, Persian, Turkish.

Very unusual and attractive collection.

SPECIAL PRICES.

Extensive line in variety of sizes and colors, marked at very attractive prices.

Mounted Animal-Skin Rugs.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK

#### Puck's New Christmas Card...

Those of our readers who, in former years, have made their friends a Christmas Present of a Year's Subscription to PUCK, will be glad to know that we have a New Presentation Card this year. It is designed by the well-known artist, Mr. F. A. Nankivell, and is a beautiful example of color-printing.

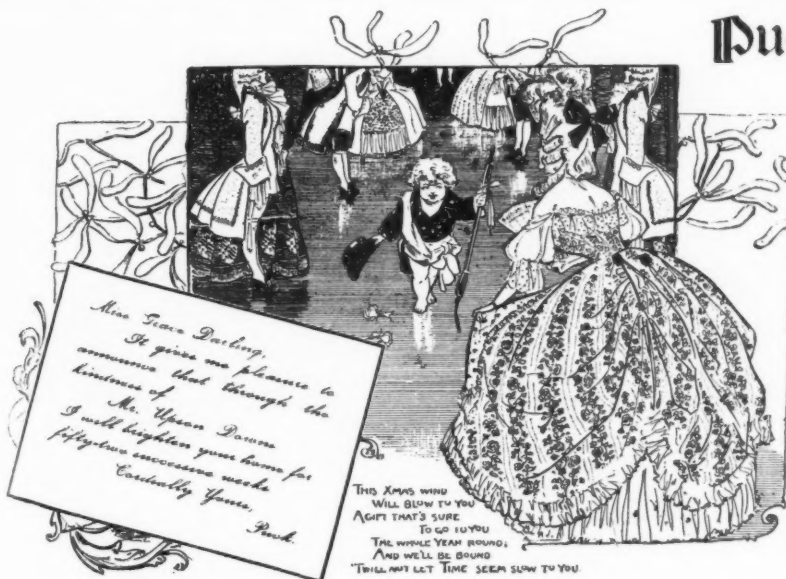
#### The Best Christmas Present— A Year's Subscription to Puck and Puck's Christmas Card.

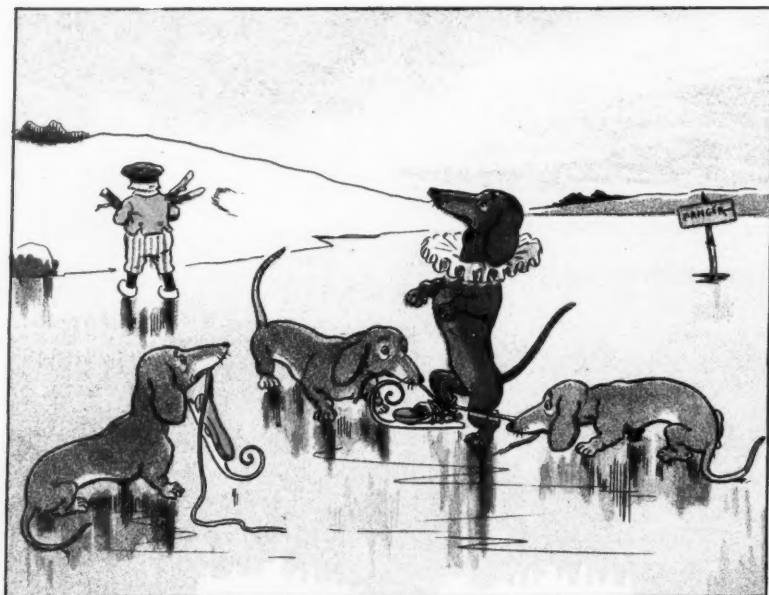
Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a subscription to PUCK as A Suitable Christmas Present, but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us five dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of which the reduced sketch shown herewith gives the design in outline.

This Card, (size 7 1/4 x 5 1/4 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

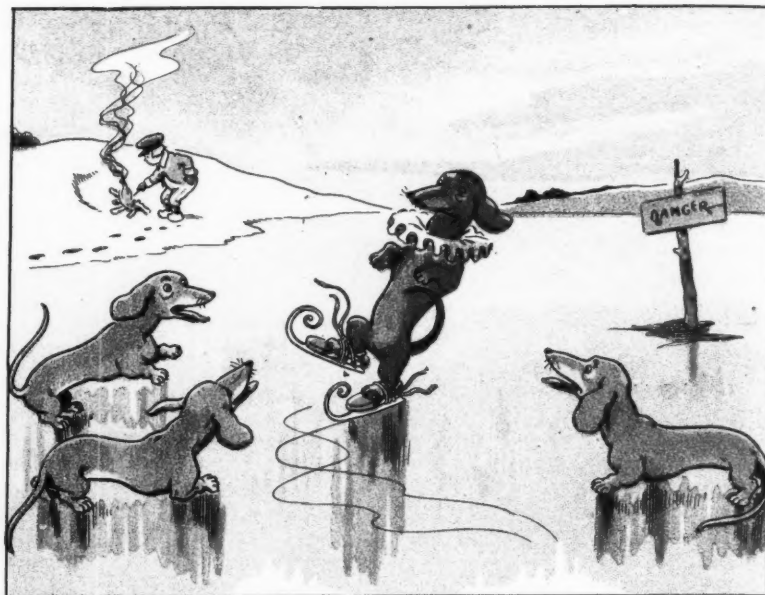
Now, here is something tangible to give;  
 To send by mail to distant dear ones;  
 To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making A Suitable Christmas Present. Address PUCK, New York.

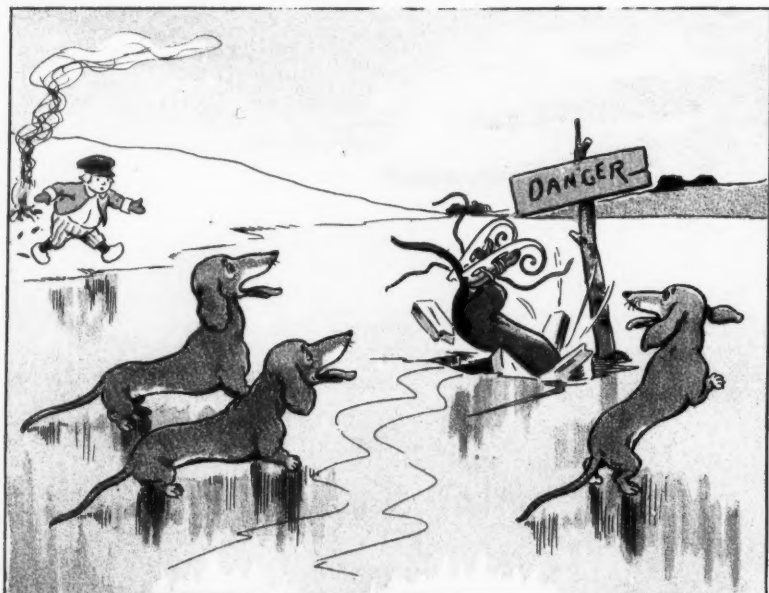




I.  
"Come, Comrades," Dackel said, "make haste;  
For, really, I've no time to waste."



II.  
"Thanks;— Hans shall have a fat cigar  
If, backward, I can't 'grind the bar.'"



III.  
"So *that's* the way a bar is ground,"  
The others cried. "But what's that sound?"



IV.  
"Catch hold!" called Hans, "your brother's yelp  
In human tongue means: Help! Help! Help!"



V.  
"No backward skating now—alack!  
But we can skate him on his back."



VI.  
His chums then, from their private car,  
Said: "Dackel, where is that cigar?"

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.